

I'm A Rootin'-shootin'-snootin' Nigger Beau - song lyrics

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I'm a Rootin'-Shootin'-Snootin' Nigger Beau.
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Words by H. R. Evans. Music by H. L. Henrtz.

I'se in town, my honey, wid my pockets full of money,
And I'm gwine to hub a dandy, high ole time,
Wid de butter cakes a-fryin', and de nigger wenchs sighin',
And de church-bells all a-ringin' out a chime.

Chorus.
O my! I'm a dandy darky dude.
And de gals dey can't resist me, don't you know.
I can dance and I can sing. I can cut a pigeon wing;
I'm a rootin'-shootin'-snootin' nigger beau.

I'se in town, my honey, and I fee! so very funny.
All de city niggers stand in awe ob me;
I've a pistol in my pocket, in a jiffy I will cock it,
I'm a sassy coon, you better leave me be.

Chorus.
O my! I'm a dandy darky dude,
And I break de hearts by dozens, don't you know.
On de banjo I can pick, for I am so awful slick;
I'm a rootin'-shootin'-snootin' nigger beau.

I'se in town, my honey, and I'm gwine to spend my money,
Just to show do coons I'se not as green us grass.
If dey're huntin' 'round for trouble, I can make 'em all see double,
For I'se got a pair of knuckles made of brass.

Chorus.
O my! I'se a dandy darky dude,
And de gale dey can't resist me, don't you know.
I am great on ehootin' crap, and for me it is a snap;
I'se a rootin'-shootin'-snootin' nigger beau.

I'se in town, my honey, and I feel so awful funny,
For I'se got a lot of nigger gin inside;
Every darky wants to bet me that a copper soon will get me,
And upon the Hurry Wagon I will ride.

CHorus.
O my! I'm a dandy nigger sport,
And I don't care if I'm pinched before It's noon.
I'se got money here to hum, and I do not give a durn;
I'se a rootin'-shootin'-snootin' crazy coon.